THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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HERE AND THERE.

THE Princess of Wales was safely delivered of a daughter at 12.30 a.m. yesterday.

The Queen has announced her intention of sitting to Mr. Lewis Dickenson for a picture, which is to be a replica of the enamel portrait presented to the late Mr. George Peabody. And her Majesty has signified her pleasure that, on its completion, the portrait should be made public in the form of an engraving.

His Majesty the King of the Belgians intends to honour the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at South Kensington with a visit this morning, when, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, it is contemplated to hold quite a flower show. Many of the leading nurserymen have signified their desire to exhibit. The usual promenade and band will commence at 11.30, instead of two. His Majesty will afterwards visit the South Kensington Museum.

The latest rumour about the vacant Garters, is that one will be given to Mr. Disraeli. Lord Lytton, it is said, is likely to have the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, vacant by the death of the Earl of Derby.

The notorious felon, O'Donovan Rossa, has been returned for Tipperary. The numbers were—Heron, 1132; O'Donovan Rossa, 1030.

It is stated that 150 millions of francs still must be expended on the Suez Canal before it can be definitively opened as a great commercial thoroughfare, and that M. de Lesseps wants authorization to raise a loan to that extent; but this cannot now be done without the sanction of Parliament.

It is said that the late Earl of Derby has left a fortune of £190,000 a-year. When his lordship succeeded to his estates they were said to be worth £80,000 a-year; but the great increase is attributed to the wonderful extension of factories in Lancashire, and the consequent enormous increase of buildings. It is asserted that miles in extent have been covered with houses, built on land much of which was formerly barren and nearly unproductive.

The following is the correct version of the verses addressed by Lord Byron, just before the second proposal to Miss Milbanke, to "Lady F. W. W.," by whom he had been "thrown over in favour of an illustrious warrior":—

Go, triumph securely, the treacherous vow
Thou hast broken, *I* keep too faithfully now,
But never again shalt thou be to my heart
What thou wert, what I fear for a moment thou art.
To see thee—to love thee—what breast could do more?
To love thee—to lose thee—'twere vain to deplore.
Not a sigh shall escape from the heart thus beguil'd,
I will bear like a man what I feel like a child.
Though a rown cloud my brow, yet it lowers not on thee,
Though my heart should seem heavy, at least it is free.
But thou, with the pride of new conquest elate—
Alas! even Envy shall feel for thy Fate.
For the first step of Error *none* e'er could recall,
And the woman once fallen for ever must fall,
Pursue to the last the career she begun,
And be false unto many, as faithless to one.
And they who have loved thee will leave thee to mourn,
And they who have hated will laugh thee to scorn;
And he who adored thee yet weeps to foretell
The pangs which will punish thy falsehood *too well.*

An elector is reported to have said to the successful candidate for the first circumscription, "I am ready, M. Rochefort, to vote for you on one condition."—"Which?"—"That you will promise to find the body of Kinck *père.*"

Among the subscriptions sent to the Pope for the expenses of the Council, and published in the Catholic organs of France and Rome, are the following:—Mdlle. Blanche de Raime, qui croit aveuglement à ce qu'enseigne la sainte Eglise Romaine, et qui proteste contre le livre de Mgr. Maret, deux francs. Une pauvre fille qui croit plus volontiers à l'infaillibilité du Pape qu'à celle de Mgr. Maret, un franc. Une anonyme qui proteste contre le livre de Mgr. l'Evêque de Suza *in partibus infidelium*, un franc."

Fordham is again first on the list of winning jockeys. His figures for the past season are 297 mounts, 95 wins, including three dead heats, 72 seconds, and 42 thirds. He rode unplaced 88 times, and walked over six times.

With the approach of the twenty-first anniversary of the Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show, it is gratifying to know that the arrangements are progressing with the prospect of a most satisfactory result. The entries are far above the average, and a considerable number of cattle have been refused. The prizes for sheep having been much increased, a grand display is anticipated, particularly from the local Shropshire breeders, whilst there is no doubt that the exhibition of pigs will maintain its character as one of the first in the kingdom. The raising of the fees on poultry has slightly diminished the numbers, but 2,500 pens of nearly every known variety of fowls and pigeons will certainly be as many as most visitors will care to inspect. The root and corn show forms a most useful and interesting feature, and will be far better than anticipated in the earlier part of the season.

There is said to be at Nice, just now a club of English gentlemen (?) where they play from four to six, and again from eight until any hour, for any amount, écarté baccarat, and trente-et-quarante. There is the most marvellous English restaurant there, kept by an Italian named Vitali. You have the best of English food, done in the very best possible manner; you sit in a shady garden, and are well looked after by the most attentive of hosts.

A day's coursing will, by permission of the Marquis of Ailesbury, Master of the Horse, take place at the Home Park, Hampton Court, on Tuesday next the 30th inst. Admission to the Park will be by ticket only.

The Liverpool magistrates have decided that a bicycle is a carriage within the meaning of the Act.

The malady from which the Archbishop of Canterbury is suffering, is stated to be paralysis.

The report that Mr. Denison intends to resign his office of Speaker in the House of Commons, is authoritatively contradicted.

M. Nestor-Roqueplan, the author of *Parisine* &c., has hit upon a line of collecting in which he has certainly had no predecessors, and in which, for a time at least, he need fear but few rivals. And thus he may, we hope, obtain cheaply the objects of his search. M. Roqueplan collects—not the manuscripts of old plays, or the wigs of great actors, or the rouge-pots of dead actresses, but simply—warming pans. In his apartment in the Boulevard Haussmann he has devoted a gallery to the exhibition of these utensils "*de la vie intime.*" There you may see more or less authentic warming-pans of Diane de Poitiers, Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine de Medicis, Gabrielle d'Estrées, Mdlle. dela Vallière, Mdlle. de Fontange, Mdme. Pompadour, and Marie Antoinette.

The forthcoming show of the Smithfield Club, it is understood, is likely to be honoured by a visit from the King of the Belgians, in company with the Prince of Wales, who will this year be a large contributor of stock in competition with Her Majesty the Queen. It has been arranged that the annual dinner of the Club, to be presided over by the Duke of Marlborough, this year's president, shall take place after the award of the prizes on the opening day, Monday, the 6th December; and, considering the deep interest which the King of the Belgians is known to take in the breeding of cattle and agriculture generally, hopes are expressed that His Majesty, in coming with the Prince of Wales, may be induced to accept an invitation to be present at the banquet, which is to take place at Berner's Hall, adjoining the main building, at Islington. The most active preparations have already commenced for the show, and new contrivances adopted with a view to the accommodation of the large amount of live stock which has been entered for competition.

The site where, previous to its burning down, Savile House stood, in Leicester-square, has been secured for a winter garden and theatre of huge proportions. The whole block of buildings has been taken, and a public company is in process of construction, issuing £1 shares, not less than £25 to be taken up. The auditorium of this new theatre will seat 3,000 persons, and the stage will be larger than that of Drury Lane. A covered façade in front of the house is also comtemplated, calculated to shelter 1,000 people, if need be, from the weather. The promoters of this company—which is already pretty well organised—have secured a place in Isleworth for the supply of the plants and flowers.

It is said that Princess Mathilde wrote to the late M. Sainte-Beuve with the utmost freedom, depicting the most intimate Imperial scenes. If the Princess is not as handsome as the Empress, she is—if we may be pardoned making a comparison with its inevitable "odiousness"—cleverer; and in this correspondence we are given to understand that Her Majesty is subjected to the literary scalping-knife with a skill which is at once professional and feminine. Where the Princess's pen failed her, or rather where she preferred to change her weapon of attack, the pencil more than made up for the deficiency. The correspondence is liberally "illustrated," the drawings being described as "clever and spirited in the extreme." These are said to depict such subjects as "Disputes upon Papal Infallibility between the Emperor and Empress," and a council held by the Empress and her ladies upon the question of "Long or Short Petticoats."

The public's old favourite, Paul Bedford, is in a dying condition. He is attacked by dropsy. Sir William Ferguson and other eminent physicians have done their best for the worthy old actor, but it is feared that his case is hopeless. The poor old man is free from pain, and shows much resignation and fortitude.

Her Majesty's Theatre will open early in February for the performance of "Italian Opera."

THE MAN ABROAD.

Vienna, Nov. 23rd.

IN my last week's letter I think that I mentioned how very dull Vienna was at this particular moment; and, indeed, there is little stirring in any line here. It is difficult to find a sufficient amount even of gossip to fill the columns of the lightest and least political of the papers, and they generally fall back on ponderous disquisitions on the debates in the Saxon Chambers and other like topics, which, though one might imagine would find little favour, are evidently read with care, from the *Tagblatt* to the *Freie Presse*. Indeed, I have often thought that Vienna is very badly off for papers. There is no French or English paper published here at all, and thus, of course, the foreign element is, in comparison with Paris, small; yet there are sufficient French people resident here to form in themselves a sufficient *clientèle*, to say nothing of the upper class of the Viennese, who are all as much at home with the language of the lively Gaul as they are with their own more ponderous and less courtly tongue. I throw out this hint, as, perhaps, some poor journalist "who has got no work to do," and combines a command of the most immediate ready (very indispensable) with the knowledge of French and German, and a little Hungarian thrown in, might think it worth following up. Of a truth, Vienna is very different in the month of November from what it is in May and April. Then the Prater, which is in many respects superior to the Bois or any European promenade, is perfect with the long lines of carriages which chase each other along that charming straight three miles, and which are generally freighted with more than their average share of pretty women. Now Herr Krupp might come and try his new guns from end to end without so much as annihilating a *fiacre*. By-the-bye, I have often wondered, and others with me, how it is that both in the Bois and the Prater people who have no earthly occupation, and who come in their carriages for the purpose of amusing themselves, the moment they have taken the regulation number of turns along the lake or the chestnut alley, drive back again to Paris or to Vienna, as the case may be, at such a furious pace that one might imagine they were either bearers of a reprieve or that they had made a bet to reach home by a certain time. Many a time have I stood by the Golden Gates at the end of the Avenue de l'Impératrice and watched the Victorias flashing up to what I once heard called the Ark of Triumph, and endeavoured to solve this hidden problem, but in vain. We must wait till some German professor evolves it out of the depths of his moral consciousness. I really believe that the opening of the Suez Canal has been the principal topic of conversation for the last week, or, at all events, the Emperor's visit in connection with it. There is a general impression that his K.K. Majesty will bring its influence to bear on the frisky Khedive to induce him to concede to the demands made on him from Constantinople. Austria has too much need of Turkey's friendship to do anything to annoy the latter, and by settling the differences between her and her disobedient Ismail, she leaves Turkey at liberty to aid her should the Dalmatian insurrection take wider proportions. I fear that, in despite of all the reforms which the last three years have witnessed in this wide and heterogeneous Empire, there is not only much work to be done, but many dangers ahead, before Austria settles down into a quiet and constitutional *régime*. The priests, undaunted by their late defeats, are very busy with the Court, and find, in many members, at least, of the Imperial family, encouragement for their reactionist principles. I hear that the Empress is going to Rome to be present at the accouchement of her beautiful sister, the Queen of Naples, and I have no doubt that the dignitaries of the Eternal City will endeavour to turn it to account, the more so as her sympathies are known to be with the clerical party.

You may remember some eighteen months ago there being a great talk about the marriage of the Archduke Henry with an actress, who, whatever her merits were, was by no means a match for one of the proud Hapsburg-Lorraine house. The Emperor banished him from Austria, and he has been since living in Switzerland. He took advantage of the Emperor's absence to come and see some of his relations who were rather inclined to take his part, particularly the Archduke Regnier. He does not express any wish to return to the Court—on the contrary, he likes his new life very much. He is reported to have said that even had he leave given him to return and be received into favour he would not accept it. "I mean," he said, "to remain what I am now, a plain citizen of the Helvetic Republic." While the cat's away, the mice will play!

Vienna has become also the resort of "knocked out" kings and queens. We have the King of Hanover and his family at Hieting, and the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena continually coming and going, and now it is reported that Isabella of Spain and her Consort intend to take up their abode amongst us. If this is true, it does not look as if they expected to return to Madrid in a hurry, but as I never read a French paper without seeing an announcement of this Royal lady's movements made, and one of the previous day contradicted, I am not very much inclined to believe what was much talked of last night at Strauss' Concert in the Volks-garten. At all events, there will be no difficulty in accommodating her, even if Marfori and Sister Patrocinio form part of the suite, for the new palaces which have sprung up along the Ring-strasse are on a par with the creations of the doughty Haussman. The Duke of Wurtemburg's palace close to the Stadt Park is as magnificent a building as any in the Champs Elysées or the Rue St. Dominique St. Germain, and princely is the hospitality which is dispensed there.

I am fain to confess that the New Opera here is a failure. When I say failure, I do not deny that the building itself is beautiful, but it is put down into a hole, and in addition to that is in itself stunted. This is a great pity, for with the money which it has cost, and the number of eligible sites in Vienna, a really magnificent house might have been the result. It has now been opened several months, and yet I hear that on no single occasion has it been half full, though it is by no means a large house for such a city. It seems, too, that our best *artistes* always go off and leave us as soon as their reputation is established—Ilma de Murska, for instance, who rarely sings here, and now Mademoiselle Sessi, who seems to have created such a sensation *aux Italiens*. She is the daughter of a gentleman who fills a high post in the Bank, and who, after taking lessons of the best Viennese professors, made her *début* at Frankfort, from which place she went to Berlin, where she did not remain long, for one evening when the Court was to be present, she left suddenly, and when the curtain rose left the company lamenting. She in the meanwhile came to Paris, where M. Strakosch, with his usual eye for musical talent, took her under his ægis, and now she is likely to do justice to his perspicacity. The temporary theatre at Dresden is to be opened in a few days; but none the less is the destruction of that beautiful house in September a sad disaster for Dresden. I hope we may reap the benefit of it here. Music, morning, noon, and night, is the Viennese ideal of happiness.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 15.

Constantinople appears formed by nature for the centre and capital of a great monarchy; but, as Gibbon observes, "there never was a people in possession of such advantages who either knew or cared so little for their enjoyment." Delightfully placed on a series of gently undulating hills, with the blue waters of the Bosphorus forming a lovely foreground, it is not surprising that one experiences a keen feeling of delight when, after rounding Seraglio Point, the city comes into full view, but alas! how rapidly these sensations are dispelled when a visit is paid to its wretched streets and fetid thoroughfares. The "Seven Dials" possesses an odour of respectability when compared with portions of Stamboul; and as to Lambeth and Whitechapel, they would be considered quite aristocratic suburbs were they situate in this city of the Sultan. All kinds of abominations thrive there, and were it not for myriads of mangey curs, who perform scavengers' duty, the community would soon be poisoned by pestilential exhalations. The dogs are a peculiar feature; they each have their own district, and woe to the unlucky intruder who having scented a savoury morsel in a neighbour's territory, is discovered encroaching thereon. In the daytime they bask in the sun and at dusk commence their avocations, rendering "night hideous" by their incessant howlings.

In these days of high pressure civilization and Metropolitan Railways, it is really difficult to imagine a European capital destitute of the luxurious appliances that distinguish our own times. There is no railway within many miles of Constantinople, indeed only three are to be met with in the Turkish Empire; and as to conveyance by road, why there are not more than half-a-dozen streets that a horse and cart can pass through with safety. Consequently, the task of removing heavy bales of goods and merchandise of all kinds devolves on the *hamals*, or porters, who labour as beasts of burden for about 11d. per day. It is astonishing to watch these fellows staggering over the ill-paved streets bent nearly double with the enormous weights on their backs. Sometimes these *hamals* are employed to carry quite a different burden, for I met one with a lady riding him *en cheval*. Considering the amount of labour these men go through, it is surprising they are able to do so on their peculiarly spare diet, which consists for the most part of rice, bread, and water. What would our English labourer do if deprived of his beer?

Santa Sophia, the chief mosque of the city, is well worthy of a visit. Originally built by the Emperor Justinian for a Christian temple, its use was perverted on the retaking of the city by Mahomet the Second, A.D 1455. The immense size of the building, its massive walls adorned by beautiful mosaics and jasper and porphyry columns, together compose a rich and variegated picture impressive in the highest degree. In the court-yard of every mosque is a fountain where good Mussulmans are to be seen performing their ablutions before entering upon their devotional duties. The fact of cleanliness being so intimately related to godliness is a great article in the Mussulman's creed. One rarely sees a woman inside a mosque; indeed, so long as Mrs. Turk ministers to the pleasures of her lord and master, it is not considered necessary for her to devote any time to her religious duties. Poor soul! she is but a plaything to be caressed and fondled, or ill-used, just as the humour pleases her husband. No one seems to lift up a hand for her; she sadly wants a Miss Becker to assist her in asserting her rights. Whether the Turkish ladies are very beautiful or not is a moot point, and from the limited view obtained of them it is likely to remain so until some considerable change takes place in their social arrangements. They appear to have lovely dark languishing eyes, prominent nose, and a complexion—presumably artificial—of most death-like pallor, but the hideous *yashmac* and *feridjee* so conceal their face and figure that it is very difficult to form an opinion as to their personal attractions. Occasionally a carriage is seen, guarded by a black eunuch on horseback with drawn sword, conveying some beauties of the harem; but ladies mostly use sedan chairs in travelling about the city. Should the blinds be not pulled down, the fair occupants are often discovered enjoying a quiet smoke.

The present Sultan at the commencement of his reign endeavoured to put a check on polygamy, which there can be no doubt is the bane and curse of his subjects; he announced that he intended to content himself with one wife. Such a doctrine was highly displeasing to the Pashas and other Turkish nobles. They argued that a plurality of wives was part of the Mahomedan faith, and the Sultan as head of Islam must conform to his religion in such an important matter. If he did away with polygamy he might as well do away with the Koran altogether. So Abdul Aziz was fain to comply with their request, and every year upon a certain high festival, he becomes the fortunate or unfortunate possessor of a new wife. Heavily taxed as are his subjects to supply their Imperial master with the necessary means to purchase ironclads and keep up a large standing army, civilization has not yet advanced so far as to make them acquainted with the poor-rate collector. Workhouses are unknown in Turkey, and should a family become so destitute as to need assistance their relatives join together in providing a fund to relieve them.

There is no Government Post-office, each foreign embassy attending to its own postal arrangements. It seems peculiar to affix a Queen's head to transmit a letter to England. Every Tuesday and Friday a great crowd of people is

to be seen waiting the opening of the doors of the Dervish Temple of the Mevlevee, for on these days a performance takes place at two o'clock. On entering, the visitor, after depositing his boots with the doorkeeper, finds himself in a spacious apartment, octagonal in form, surrounded by galleries; the one reserved for the ladies of the harem being covered with lattice-work.

The decorations are quite French in their style, and seem far more suited for a *café-chantant* than for the celebration of a religious rite, utterly senseless and absurd as that rite appears to Christian visitors. The floor is highly polished to assist the dervishes in their terpsichorean evolutions. Squatting on it, with their capacious mantles gathered around them, reclined, or rather lolled, about eighteen dervishes, varying from twenty to forty years of age. One would have supposed that they had been imbibing a little more than was good for them, judging by the way they dozed and the stupid, vacant stare they now and then cast around them. A large rug was laid on the floor, towards the east—that is, towards Mecca.

After a short time, three grave and reverend dervishes entered, wearing high fur hats and large cloaks precisely similar to their companions. On these old gentlemen making their appearance, the others roused themselves from their torpor, and proceeded to follow them in procession around the room. On arriving at the mat, the one in advance, and number two, bowed very gravely to the mat and then to each other, and so passed on, the others doing the same. After the circuit of the chamber had been twice made, a dreadful noise was heard in the gallery. This turned out to be the musicians discoursing eloquent (?) music. Painful as the row appeared to my untutored ears, it had a visible effect on the dervishes. One by one they cast off their cloaks, and appeared in a species of long, full, bell-shaped petticoat and jacket. With bare feet and arms extended, they commenced to spin or revolve in one place, and when the music ceased and they left off, none showed the slightest symptom of giddiness or exhaustion. This continued for the space of about an hour when the ceremony was brought to a conclusion by the aforesaid old gentlemen reciting a certain number of prayers.

On Friday after this interesting performance all good Mussulmans visit the Sweet Waters of Europe. The Sultan has a palace there, and the gardens are a very favourite place of resort. They are situate about eight miles from Constantinople, at the end of the Golden Horn. The surrounding scenery is dull and uninteresting—fine, bold, treeless downs, but with no sign of cultivation or pleasant farm homstead to gladden the eye. Exquisite as the scenery is on all sides of the Bosphorus, the country is wild and barren a short distance inland.

The Bazaar is situate in Stamboul. It is a low, dark, disagreeable tunnel, of immense extent, branching out in all directions, so that you may very easily lose your way.

Fires are of frequent occurrence, and the old houses being built of wood they spread with alarming rapidity. On one breaking out lanterns are held out from the towers, with which the city abounds, to direct the firemen and water-carriers' attention. These men, in parties of about twenty, start from different parts to the scene of the catastrophe, being guided by the illumination in the heavens. Each has a great stick, with which he beats the road, thus giving notice of their approach; one carries a large lantern in his hand, and four of them on the shoulders, the engine, or rather squirt. Should the fire be difficult to subdue the military are called out, who pull down a house or two, and so prevent further ravages.

Mr. Street's beautiful Crimean memorial church is finished, but seems very badly attended, considering there are no less than four thousand Englishmen settled in Constantinople. £27,000 has been expended on it, which some people say might have been far more profitably laid out.

Pera is now lighted with gas, but no one is permitted to traverse Stamboul without being provided with a lantern. It is likewise very necessary to carry a good thick stick, and never to perambulate its wretched streets without a companion after nightfall. Constantinople does not boast of many evening amusements. There are a few *cafés-chantants* at Pera, where a little very mild excitement can be obtained at a very moderate expense. Half-a-dozen German girls, seated on a raised *daïs* at the end of the room, play a variety of instruments, and occasionally favour the company with a vocal performance; after which they hand round a plate, and smile their thanks for the coppers you favour them with. Meantime you smoke your cigarette and sip your coffee from peculiarly diminutive cups. There is likewise a theatre devoted to the Greek drama, and a small opera-house occasionally visited by a *troupe* of Italian *artistes*.

Skutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, is well worthy of a visit. The cemetery, on the summit of the hill at the back of the town, is of immense extent, the rich groves of cypress that distinguish all Turkish cemetries, form a magnificent background to the view; their sombre hue, the emblem of mourning, being well suited to mark the spot where the dead rest. The tombstones are peculiar, nearly everyone being surmounted by a fez or turban, which marks in some mysterious manner the social rank of the deceased. A green turban indicates that in his lifetime the wearer had made a pilgrimage to Mecca. The British cemetery, too, is delightfully placed, and, from being the resting-place of so many of our country's gallant sons, possesses a great, though mournful, interest. From this sacred spot the view of Constantinople is superb.

Foreigners of all races and nationalities abound in this most extraordinary city, but previous to the disagreement about Candia, the Greeks were by far the most numerous. A fine field is open to Englishmen in all matters relating to machinery and engineering. Very many are in the service of the Government, and even the engineer of an ordinary tug boat commands a salary of £25 per month. That a grand future is in store for Turkey there can be no doubt, but vast changes, morally and politically, must take place, and many years necessarily elapse before so desirable an object can be attained.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.*

"THERE are few things in the world so sad as biography, which is but another way of saying that there is nothing so sad as life when it runs its ordinary course, and lasts its appointed time." Mrs. Oliphant begins one of her "sketches" with these words, and it is doubtless so, for in the record of even the fairest and the noblest lives there is a deep undercurrent of strife, pain, and disappointment, and a true historian has no right to dwell only upon the bright side of the picture. He must dive deep into motives, he must look to results. Our authoress has, however, by no means undertaken so severe a task. The title of the book, "Historical Sketches," describes it truthfully. It is a *précis* of a few scattered biographies, and though the idea is good, it is not adequately carried out.

To paint carefully the different lives of a number of human beings living together at the same time should convey a pretty accurate idea of that time. Each character should be able, from his or her own point of view, to set forth the manners of the age. We ought to be made to comprehend that the facts are the same, although delineated by separate characters, and represented by several conflicting modes of thoughts.

Mrs. Oliphant has not attempted this; her sketches are distinct portraits of particular people, and have nothing about them to suggest that they could possibly belong to one another, except the announcement on the title-page that they all existed together in the time of George II. Each forms in itself a separate study, and the want of unity in the whole produces the impression of an educational task rather than the mature result of cultivated and well-digested information. Nevertheless, it is pleasant reading. We can well spend half-an-hour with the "Man of the World" and the woman of fashion, and be tempted to linger over tales of the quaint old times, when a Mary Pierrepoint was obliged to leave a translation of *Epictetus*, to carve for guests on public days, "the most inconsiderate of whom, the curate, or subaltern, or Squire's younger brother, if suffered, through her neglect, to help himself to a slice of mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election." And when a father's best wish for his son was to hear half-a-dozen women of fashion say, "Où est-il donc, le petit Stanhope? Que ne vient-il? Il faut avouer qu'il est aimable."

The Queen's portrait is perhaps the most life-like. A woman and a foreigner, Mrs. Oliphant yet proclaims her to be "more actively and urgently Queen of England than any other except Elizabeth." She describes her as full of contradictory qualities, and contrives to interest us for the sake of the wonderful incongruities which she says it would be a difficult task to apologise for or to explain. "They contradict," she continues, "at once the conclusions of experience and those certainties which are intuitive and above discussion. If a woman in fiction had been created with such failings, even had she been the highest heroine in tragedy, she would have been flouted as an impossible creature. She would be false to nature. It is the one great advantage which fact has over invention, and the historic over every other muse. There are no unities, no consistencies, no rule of probability, to bind the free current of real life. What a poet dare not dream of, existence produces calmly, contradicting its own laws, setting aside the very principles on which its continuance and stability are founded. But the character in which such extraordinary contradictions exist cannot be a simple or superficial one."

A sensible and clever woman, she contrived to fill a difficult position with courage, and to manage a shallow and ill-tempered husband with patience and penetration.

"The Queen," says Lord Hervey, "by long studying and long experience of his temper, knew how to instil her own sentiments while she affected to receive His Majesty's. She could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient while she was ruling, and by this means her dexterity and address made it possible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was, seemingly, on every occasion, giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pagan god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private."

Her life from the time she set foot in England was one of anxiety and trouble. Her foolish husband, her stubborn son, the worry of public affairs, all at last proved too much for a constitution never very robust. Mrs. Oliphant describes her last hours with a graphic pen, but the extract would be too long for insertion here. The sketch of the novelist is also interesting. Samuel Richardson is described as "a good printer, a comfortable, affectionate, fatherly tradesman, kind to everybody about him, and very much applauded by his admiring friends, but with no special marks of genius that any one can see."

Certainly we are inclined to wonder in the present day at the marvellous popularity of his works, although Clarissa Harlowe has recently been brought before us in a more readable shape than when ladies of gaiety and fashion at Ranelagh used to hold up the slim volumes to each other, "to show they had got the book every one was talking about." We can hardly understand, in our time, how popular divines could recommend it from the pulpit, or how Mrs. Barbauld could declare that it was received with a burst of applause from all ranks of people.

To our minds, even the able critic who has now curtailed and reproduced it, has been unable to disguise its tedium or to veil its inherent coarseness. Yet we are told that no novel was ever received with such universal enthusiasm, that all kinds of people wept and applauded, and that it flew over the Channel with a swiftness which is seldom equalled even in these days of increased communication, and was translated by the Abbé Prévost, who, however, softened it to suit the more delicate taste of the French! Our space forbids even a passing glance at the poet, the reformer, the philosopher, and many others, with whom it is pleasant to spend a quiet moment.

We refer our readers to the "Sketches" themselves, of which it will be, perhaps, thought more a compliment than a criticism to say we could wish that they were longer.

* *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George the Second.* By M s. Oliphant.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

His Backer.—As you will see, his connexion with this paper is at an end.

Enquirer.—True; but it was the nearest approach in a single word. This will answer the courteous "Reader."

Noble Science.—Next to the late Assheton Smith we should say Dr. Gull. He is "in at the death" oftener than any one else with whom we are acquainted.

Tyro.—Racehorses take their ages from 1st January. So may you, if you happened to be born on that day.

Chaff.—On our honour, no. Wheat of the best quality.

Coronet.—A viscount has twenty-eight balls; a pawnbroker only three. Those of a countess vary according to the season.

Bosch.—You be silicated! You have got your lesson pat enough, but we cannot swallow it.

Naturalist.—The Polar bear is so called from his habit of ascending poles.

S. S. and Q.—We know nothing good for the Derby at present. We have, however, an excellent recipe for wind, which you can have on application.

Puzzled.—There is some truth in your strictures, but the task is a frightful one. Come and try it for a week.

Nimbus.—Your's was certainly better so far as the ear is concerned. But you must see that it was both broken and hybrid. Exactly 20 correspondents furnish us with the first and second lines of your last. Try again. We will crown you with pleasure if you win on your merits.

The competition for Prize IV. having resulted in a tie, the question "How to determine the winner" involved a point of much legal nicety. The *Man About Town* has accordingly followed *strictly legal* precedent, by *dividing* the Prize, impartially awarding to *each* competition a DOUBLE BARREL of PRIME NATIVE OYSTER shells. The oysters are reserved for private consumption.

Prize Rhymes.—Competitive papers have also been received from Burnt Milk, Jog Along, Pull Up Charley, Mate, Tartar, Precocious, L. de M., Brighton, Garrulus, For Abstinence, J. L. R., Yallow, Bow-wow, one of the B's, Sham, Gruel, Cheil, Old Crusty Port, Urbanus, Bombay Duck, Cogs, P. V. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta, Eta, Mendicus, Farmer F., Ut Dicas, Studente, H. C. R., Schoolboy, Toujours Gai, Periwinkle, Lance, X. U. S., Old Mortality, Hopeful, Purritch and Sour-douk, Mamers, Mother Bunch, Dora, Portland, Recipe, Fiery Cross, Cloud King, Black Angel, Lucky Kate, Prudence Faithful, A. M. M., Marline, Folly, Straight Tip, Sister, Stella, H. H. E. R. N., Civet, Python, Golotz, Tern Owl, Mickey Free, Billy Suffolk, Guinevere, Aqua Pura, Civis, Ignis, Wharfinger, Bumbee, Watchword, Boulotte, Poet Lor-it-isn't, a Distressed Poet, Colonel Kelly, Sarhis-dotta, Te ebas, Tom Toddington.—Received too late for insertion, Diogenes, M. H., Homunculus.

NOTICE.

We have to announce that "The Outsider's" connexion with this paper ceased with the last week's issue.

We regret that a copy of the issue of the 13th inst. was inadvertently sold during the week. The whole impression has subsequently been destroyed.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

SETTING aside foreign affairs, including the overthrow of the antique Roman in Leicester-square, hereafter to be noticed, the most important event of the week has been the happy accouchement of the Princess of Wales. Although a loyal subject, I am not a married man, and I need, I hope, no reminder to avoid any further allusion to an event of which, in spite of my disadvantages, I understand something of the delicacy. Ever since I discovered my uncle, on a certain occasion, pale as ashes, with his ears stopped with cotton wool, and a thermometer in his trembling hand, in the shower-bath, I have endeavoured to respect the feelings of the survivors of such convulsions of nature as that to which I have, I trust, with becoming reticence, referred. Mad unicorns shall drag no further syllable from my decorous lips. Then I would gladly say a word or two on the results of the Twelve Days' Mission, with special reference to the great Candle Trick performed by one of the successors to Mr. Whitfield; but here, again, I feel the ground tremble beneath me, and I dare not risk the imputation of being considered a careless Gallio. Yet, again, I burn, so to speak, to deliver myself (well, let it stand!) on the state of things at the hospital to which Mrs. Prig was attached, but in the face of the hard swearing on either side I should probably be locked up in the worst ward if I dared to hint at my feelings on the matter. Suez is a good way off, and M. de Lesseps has given hostages to fortune, and is no longer in his *première jeunesse;* but if I called his canal an expensive ditch he would probably send M. Paul de Cassagnac to me, and I have no skill with the toasting-iron. Of "Fixity of Tenure" I might, perchance, discourse without danger; but, well, on consideration, I think not. Yet how narrow a tract does the renunciation of these exciting themes leave me!

The single fog with which we have hitherto been favoured was an excellent specimen of its class in colour, texture, density, and duration. It must have been akin to that memorable mist which, after an excursion up and down the Thames, settled in the Lord Chancellor's wig (which, it might be supposed, led people sufficiently astray, and made plain things quite obscure enough without extraneous aid), and disposed itself comfortably about the congenial perplexities of Jarndyce and Jardyce. Creditors could not see their debtors, husbands failed to recognise their wives—lovers and outstrippers of Policeman X alone had reason to be grateful. Mr. Stiver Krampt passed Mr. Israel Ben Moses, of Chancery-lane, without the friendly tap; Mr. Perditus Mutton kissed the little milliner—murmuring "It was very wrong, but very pleasant" without let or hindrance. Jane and William, who had only to walk a dozen yards to rejoin the family circle quite lost themselves, and returned home, dreadfully frightened, a good hour after time. Henry and Mary sat hand-in-hand the whole way from the Adelphi, although *her* mother (confound her!) was sitting opposite, in a fine haze, suspicious, but powerless.

I have no personal experiences to offer, for, after losing my way in trying to "make" the nearest lamp-post, and after a friend in a Hansom had driven down my area, I shut up my house's ears and went to bed, the only sensible course of action to be adopted in such circumstances. A friend of mine invariably goes to bed whenever he has a difference with his wife. As this occurs several times a week, he lives chiefly in his four-poster, whither, he says, no one but the most vindictive assailant would pursue her victim. This is, perhaps, pushing an excellent theory to extremes, but a fog, even in November, does not occur with the regularity or rapidity of a "few words" with your good lady, and there is nothing like meeting wet blankets with dry ones.

I am totally averse to the scheme of fog-signals and bells, which it has been proposed to adopt during the continuance of forthcoming phenomena. The former would frighten timid pedestrians out of their wits; the latter would, if generally adopted, throw the most experienced coachmen into hopeless confusion.

Bear-street, *arida nutrix* of the now famous Ernest Griset, seems destined to serve as the nursery for rising artists, who, like its own offspring, have "all the troubles before them." In the window of the same dingy little rabbit-hutch which first framed Mr. Griset's grotesque fancies have been exhibited for some time divers sketches in water colours which deserve a fairer gallery and a larger audience. The subject of nearly all is bird-life, into which the artist has a rare and keen insight. The accurate drawing and fine sense of colour shown in these studies is hardly less remarkable than the success with which the individuality of the sitters (or perchers) is hit off. As the locality, though unsavoury, is central, and there is nothing to pay, I commend the entertainment provided by Ursa Minor to such as are of riper years.

The indignity offered to our *Commendatore* some time since, when a *Festin de Pierre* was held in Leicester-square, which will not be readily forgotten by the guests, has been eclipsed by a greater, and apparently fatal, outrage. The grim horseman has been ejected from his saddle, and now lies prone in the enclosure, among the bats and owls of that weird and dismal spot. Crowds have visited the scene of the warrior's disgrace. Curious hands have meddled with that august figure. Dirt and half bricks have been heaved at his prostrate form, bits have been chipped off him. No one is afraid of him now. Mossoo himself, who haunts these classic shades, might pull the dejected hero by the nose, and avenge Waterloo by kicking the greaved shins of this representative of our national chivalry. Truth to tell, he is not an imposing spectacle as he lies. He is a grimy, maimed, helpless image which will require all the Queen's horses and men before he can be lifted into his saddle again. Saddle, indeed, there is none, the *Commendatore* having been secured to the quarters of the noble beast he bestrode by some apparatus, the violent removal of which has left a large hole in its anatomy. The steed itself is propped up with supports which enter its stomach, and looks very much like being withdrawn from all future engagements. The entire spectacle is striking in the extreme, calculated to make every true Briton rejoice in its possession of a headless Haussmann.

Here is a story, none the worse, I hope, for being true. A popular young nobleman whose expenditure (bread *is* so dear just now), has made some inroads into a fine property, was invited the other day to meet a company of elders to discuss certain financial matters connected with his impending majority. Although engaged in the interesting occupation of "wasting," Lord Wildair managed to keep his appointment, and submitted with a good grace to the friendly rebukes of the heads of the family on the strong running he had made for some time past. At length, after a "financial statement," of which it may fairly be predicted the person most concerned had not heard a word, the family lawyer put the following direct question to the "infant:"

—Are you at all aware, my lord, to what you have reduced yourself? And his lordship, roused for the first time by the familiar words, replied with equal promptitude and satisfaction, "Eleven stone three."

Here is another. The title of the Poet Laureate's forthcoming work was the subject of inquiry the other day at the Pterodactylus. No one could at the moment recollect the precise "heading," when that famous shot and *gourmet*, Colonel Lyver Wyng, who came in opportunely for sherry and bitters, promptly solved the problem. "'The Quest of the Holy *Trail*,' Sir, and, begad, I didn't think Mr. Tennyson had been so keen a sportsman or so good a cook."

London Lyrics.

No. X.

DREAMS.

I DINED one night at Simpson's in the Strand—
Mulligatawny, codfish, and a steak—
The usual fare of this good English land.
Who would old customs break?

A victim I to prejudice and beer,
Passed heavily westward to my lone abode;
Feeling poetical and rather queer,
Down Fancy's paths I glode.

(For *glode*, see Shelley, or Dundreary, I
Forget exactly which—but never mind.)
There, in the visions of my mind's bright eye,
Strange pictures did I find.

A pint of Bass, and eke a pint of sherry,
A very large and somewhat strong Havannah,
O'ercame the sense of food, and, gently merry,
I dreamed i' the following manner.

Methought that I had lately been to School,
And yet that School was strangely mixed with Home;
And thoughts of simple Byron—not such a fool
As Stowe would make him—come.

And then methought I was a Rightful Heir,
(Too good—oh, very much too good to last!)
And, Lost at Sea, I vainly strove to share
Society and Caste.

A change came o'er the spirit of my Dreams.
I wandered vaguely through the Streets of London;
A fitful Breach of Promise mars my schemes,
And I am nearly undone.

Yet for a moment Progress and Plain Speaking
Draw me away to thoughts of thievings bold;
And in the Strand I find what I am seeking—
A Field of a Cloth of Gold.

And ever on my dim and aching sight,
Gorgeous costumes and scenery will burn.
No chance of change; it runs from night to night.
Will the Tide Never Turn?

Now vision treads on vision, and I seem
To see a very old acquaintance dimly;
Is this Micawber breaking on my dream?
And is this Little Em'ly?

But New Men and Old Acres now present
Pleasant reflections for a little space;
And ever I on Gaiety am bent
In a long Life Chase.

What is this mocking medley rising now?
Formosa? Ah, but that's Forbidden Fruit.
And next I see the Gamester's tortured brow,
Following Money's suit.

Beside a Willow Copse my fancy halts,
Bathed in remembrances of long ago;
She Stoops to Conquer with a Magic Waltz,
The Siren calls—I go!

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

Prize Word No. V.—Porringer.

FIRST IN A MODERATE FIELD—
She wished to back, she wished to hedge
With Morris, Jones, and Gorringe. Her
Best salts and sugars were in pledge,
So in she popped her porringer.
Two to One.

Second—
He stole my spoon and porringer,
And said I was a Roman;
But then he was an Oranger,
And so, of course, my foeman.
Quak-Quak.

Third—
Come, stir up the family porringer,
Fragrant with mystic ingredients,
Rejoicing in Frenchified, or in Ger-
Manic artistic expedients.
Wellesley.

A bridal wreath, bestarred with blossoms orange, her
Bright tresses crowned, with lilies interspersed.
Quaint was its shape—much like some antique porringer;
Queenly she sate—'mong beauties throned the first.
Hymen.

A pot take of marmalade, orange or
Lemon, according to choice;
Simmer with milk in a porringer—
'Tis a capital thing for the voice.
Galen.

A circlet of flowers, white lily and orange, her
Head adorned on the bridal day;
Her mother was busy with pipkins and porringer,
For the wedding breakfast cooking away.
Stew-pan.

Neat; but proper names are inadmissible—
You ask for a good rhyme to porringer—
Suffolk lends Horningsheath, *alias* Horringer.
Puzzled.

Both too good to throw to the dogs—

When the tea and the lessons are done,
And your daughter (supposing you've one)
Has put up her books and her porringer,
You can give at dessert, if you will,
A taste of your sherry, and fill
With apples and pears and an orange her
Plate—only don't make her ill.
Bow-wow.

Of good things a lucky receiver
Is the Rector of Ickworth-cum-Horringer:*
He can wear
On his hair
A mitre instead of a beaver,
And eat
His meat
From a gold plate instead of a porringer.
Bow-wow.

* Lord Arthur Hervey has just been promoted from the above benefice to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells.

Where are your ears, Cratinus?—
We are fairly ruined by free trade!
I went to buy a porringer;
The shopman had none British made—
I had to take a foreigner.
Cratinus.

Ingenious: but "Corkscrew" surely prefers glass to earthenware?

Hail to thee, Porringer, best of all metal!
Thee would I praise beyond any tin kettle.
Woe to the man who shall e'er damage or injure
Thee, my old favourite, ever-loved Porringer.
Corkscrew.

"Owlet" belies his (?) name—
She stood on tiptoe, reached the tree,
And plucked the golden orange; her
Dainty fingers peeled it quick,
And popped it in the porringer.
Owlet.

[She was making marmalade.]

Peter hit Poll in the eye with an orange. Her
Eye got as black as her grandmother's porringer.
Poll was indignant, for nothing can more injure
Young ladies' looks than a jolly black eye.
Such things are not done in Gallia, no in Ger-
Mania; no, though their accent is foreign, Ger-
Mania's sons wouldn't (I'll bet a florin) Ger-
Manity claim with low parties who "shy."
Peter and Paul,

I sauntered slowly o'er the ground;
Casting a careless look around
I spied an ancient porringer.
'Twas one that looked of foreign ger-
Mination, so I bore it
To a friend; and when he saw it
He gave to me a florin (Ger-
Man coin), also an orange—er-
Ogation was a failing that
My friend was always railing at.
Rumplestiltskin.

A soldier once went out to woo a maid
Whom he had vowed he'd neither marry nor injure.
No! his object was of quite another grade—
His eye was firmly fixed upon the porringer.
War.

Poor rhymes, but a pretty pastoral—

As I was roaming, roaming,
In the evening gloaming,
A sweet maiden, dark-eyed,
In a cottage I espied,
Supping from a porringer.
A sugar plum I held aloft;
She cried, "I'm not so soft—
I do not like a lozenge, sir,"
And kept eating from her porringer.
"What would you like, dear girl?" I said—
I could not leave this rustic maid.—
"Should like to suck an orange, sir,"
She said, her nose still in the porringer.
Umbra.

Samples of a very favourite rhyme—
Now, all readers, please look here,
And see my rhyme for porringer:
King James he had a daughter dear,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.
Violet.

After many a glass of beer
I found the rhyme for porringer:
The king he had a daughter dear,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.
Buster.

England's great warriors when small
Have doubtless loved their jam,
And statesmen all have played at ball,
From Wolsey down to Pam;
Then, doubtless, Scot's Moringer
Once hailed with childish joy
His food in wooden porringer,
Like any other boy.
Triple Harp.

The Frenchman was certainly *dans son droit*, but was the food as bad as the rhyme?—
A Parisian went north
O'er the waves of the Forth;
Modern Athens to see went that foreigner,
But grew tired of his lot,
And went back like a shot,
For they cooked him his food in a porringer.
Gaul.

Prize Word No. VI.—Bumper.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

THE winter operatic season, inaugurated so successfully by Mr. Mapleson, is "progressing favourably"—a statement which seems incomplete without the signature of Dr. Gull. But Covent Garden is, happily, in no need of a certificate, being at the present moment in the rudest health. The experiment of enlivening the miserable months of the year by sackbut and psaltery, commends itself so strongly to common sense, and the results have been so satisfactory, that it seems wonderful that we have not taken our trills and chills together all our lives. There is always plenty of talent to be had (we have hitherto driven it to Russia after July), and as for audience, well, will you, as Mrs. Cropp said, "come and look at the range"? I can't say fairer than that. The house during every representation which has illumined the recent fogs has been crowded from floor to roof.

Judged on their merits alone, attaching no weight to the imperious necessity of going *somewhere* these "awfu' nichts," each representation has been thoroughly deserving of the support it has obtained. During the first week, four operas—*Don Giovanni*, *Hamlet*, *The Huguenots*, and *Robert le Diable*—were given, all with a completeness and care which speaks volumes for the good sense of the management. With reduced prices, restrictions as to dress removed, and a supposed less noble circle to entertain, Mr. Mapleson might have been expected (as managers go) to have "scamped" the performances in some more or less important degree. But, instead of adopting this ignoble policy, he has sat down even us middle-class guests to a banquet as magnificent as that laid before the "Dooks" and "Herls" of the grandest and longest extra night of the season proper. The names of such *artistes* as Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Ilina de Murska, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley, who have already made their appearance, show the stuff of which the casts are composed. The band and chorus, the gradual improvement in which, since the braying days of Her Majesty's, surpasses almost "all that was ever writ in brass," are thoroughly efficient. To say this is, of course, to state that Signor Arditi retains the post which he has so long filled with such ability. With the single exception of Sir Michael Costa, there is no better disciplinarian in any European orchestra than Mr. Mapleson's *chef*. The three masterpieces which accompanied *Hamlet* during the first week

afford little or no opportunity for remark. The inefficiency of that over-rated German *basso* Herr Formes, who is never in tune, was the only blot in otherwise even and excellent performances. The *début* of Mdlle. Ilma de Murska in the *rôle* of Ophelia was an event of great interest, and though the experiment of so rapidly succeeding such an *artiste* as has identified herself with M. Thomas's heroine was felt to be hazardous, the friends of the accomplished Hungarian lady had good reason for confidence. Mdlle. de Murska's reading of the part, while it was evidently materially influenced by that of Mdlle. Nilsson, was by no means a slavish imitation of that exquisitely truthful and poetical conception. To say that it at all embodied the creation of Shakspeare, "the fair Ophelia," would be absurd, but it thoroughly realised all that M. Thomas imagined—probably more. The barren music to which the once tuneful author of *Le Caid* has set his difficult *libretto* was admirably sung by both the lady and Mr. Santley, whose Hamlet is, in all ways, artistic and satisfactory. For little more than one scene, and no more than two actors, it may seem a little hard to sit out a decidedly dreary opera. But they are worth it. The operas given this week have been the ever-fresh *Nozze di Figaro*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and *Les Huguenots*, the last-named being the attraction of a morning performance. *Der Freischütz* is announced for to-night.

A new, successful, and charming entertainment was produced on Monday night at the Gallery of Illustration, where Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have commenced their accustomed hibernation. "Ages Ago" is the title of what is called a "Musical Legend," the legendary part of which, relating chiefly to the resuscitation of the portraits in a mediæval picture gallery, is most humourously treated by Mr. Gilbert. The musical accompaniments, the work of Mr. Frederick Clay, are bright, clever, and musician-like, full of pleasant melody, yet scholarly and elegant throughout. The lamented secession of Mr. John Parry is a terrible blow to the pleasant three-cornered entertainments to which the Gallery of Illustration was so long sacred, but Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have done their best to repair the loss, and, so far as it was possible, have succeeded.

Mr. Allerton appeared last evening for the last time as Romeo. He will to-night essay a new character, that of the romantic young composer in Octave Feuillet's play of *Dalilah*. The new version will be entitled, *The Siren*, and is from the pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson. *Dalilah* is the original of the *Circe* of the *soi-disant* Mr. Babington White, whose real existence furnished some controversy a little time ago.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

WARWICK, as usual of late years, has brought the racing season of '69 to a close, for though there are to be numerous little meetings of the gate-money species between this and the 1st of January (and even subtle rumours are abroad of a new *réunion* on the Thames Embankment), they cannot, by the widest stretch of the imagination, be considered part or parcel of the racing year. Indeed, with the exception of Croydon Steeplechases next week, the turf critic may be allowed to rest from his labours until the Lincoln Trial summons him once more to the fray, unless he inflicts on his readers that baneful and monotonous theme, the Derby problem, which has been worn threadbare by the noble army of prophets. The season which has just closed on us has been, perhaps, the most uneventful of any which the present generation can remember; we have had the most moderate lot of three-year-olds since Wild Dayrell's year, and of the two-year-olds there are but three (indeed, with Wingcraft's Ascot and Newmarket Houghton performances considered, only two) whose performances raise them above the rank of mediocrity. So much is this the case that in all probability the season of '69 will be remembered as much, if not more, in connection with the splendid struggle for the Middle Park Plate, the unparalleled performance of Vespasian in the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, and his thrice repeated duel with Blue Gown, as with the victories of Pretender, Pero Gomez, and Brigantine in the three-year old events of the year. The year, too, which is closing, has witnessed the death or retirement of many more supporters of the Turf than it has accessions. The deaths of Lords Derby, Glasgow, Anglesey, and Canterbury, of Mr. Heathcote, and of Mr. Jackson—the retirements actually having taken place or threatened of Lords Vivian and Roseberry, of Sir C. Legard, Sir R. Graham, Mr. Pryor, and Col. Astley, and last, but far from least, of the Dukes of Hamilton and Newcastle, have undoubtedly created great depression in the racing world. It is not too late to hope that a portion, at least, of the above-named may reconsider their intention, and reduce the sale of their studs to a weeding out of the animals who would not repay their winter's keep. To counterbalance these losses, there is the *début* of a young baronet in the Chaplin-Machell stable and the promised accession of the Marquis of Westminster, which, though of excellent augury, are hardly numerous enough to remove that feeling of despondency which so many of the best friends of racing entertain. Perhaps, however, the vigorous measures which the Jockey Club have taken to diminish the evils of two-year-old racing, and those selling races which have been the life blood of so many of the metropolitan meetings, and which will now expire of sheer inanition, may next season create a healthier tone for our great national sport, and while they strike a death-blow at the numbers of "little men" who have no more business to own race-horses than I have to be Commander-in-Chief, may recruit fresh members among the aristocracy, who, after all said and done, are the mainspring of racing prosperity.

Warwick this week was dreary and cold, and the most enthusiastic warrior would sigh with relief when the Winding-up Free Handicap (run as I write these lines) sends him on his way rejoicing (if he has had a good week) to the delight of the chase or the greencloth. I can only comment on the racing up to Thursday night, and that I will put into a very small compass. On Tuesday the only race which requires comment is the opening one, the Welter Handicap, which Indigestion, handicapped to give only 2 and 4 lbs. respectively to such three-year-olds as Brambridge and Baroness, was very naturally made favourite and which he won in a common canter. Why a horse who last year won the Lincoln Handicap and has only run since on one occasion should be so treated, is a mystery; indeed, the handicapping at the Merry Meeting was far from good, the above stable and Mr. Payne's horses being unduly favoured—witness Braemar in the last race of Thursday and Adelaide in the Midland Counties Handicap, which latter, however, showed the general fate of Mr. Payne's favourites. On Wednesday Border Knight in carrying off the Great Autumn Welter, showed the best form he has shown throughout the season, and even if four of his opponents were stable companions and the second a former stall-fellow, to give a year and 9lb. to President Lincoln (heavily backed by Mr. Payne) over a mile was no mean performance. His victory and those of Indigestion and Braemar, will add a large sum to Sir C. Legard's exchequer on the 18th of December, if he still intends, as I hope he does not, to dispose of his horses. He and his co-partners seem to have had a very fair time of it at Warwick, and, coupled with their success at Shrewsbury, they must be prepared to meet the dreary winter more comfortably than if the season had closed on their reserves at the Newmarket Autumn Meetings. Miss Dayrell's victory in the Cup goes far to prove her the best of her age over her own distance, even allowing that the Amaranth colt did get such a bad start, and Chevy Chase's defeat of the two pots—Ada and Goodfellow—must tell Mr. Brayley whether he can win the Croydon Steeplechase on Wednesday either with him, or old Pearl Diver, who, however, will have probably put his chance out by a win (which entails a penalty) or a defeat at Warwick ere this appears in print.

Dismissing Thursday's running with a notice of Mr. Jardine's good finish to a lucky season by running first and second in the Midland Counties Handicap, and the defeat of the two great favourites, Adelaide and Romping Girl, the former of whom the public elected favourite in spite of the owner declaring to win with Hobart, I must offer a few very vague suggestions as to Croydon, all the more vague that the Calendar, as usual, is behind time, and that I am consequently in the dark as to the acceptances and latest scratchings.

On Tuesday the Steeplechase Sweepstakes (weight for age) should be won by Mr. Brayley with Malvern, or by Lord Waldegrave, and the Hunter's Stakes by Rosecleer or Polt. The Stewards' Plate is a very difficult nut to crack; but Black Prince and Harvester both seem fairly treated. The Grand National Hurdle Race will see Lymington and Pearl Diver (if started in preference to Mr. Brayley's Shrewsbury winner, Ecarté) well to the front, and I notice a French mare, Pretentaine II., who, with 10st. 12lbs., should take her own part.

On Wednesday Mr. May should win the Warden Steeplechase with Count Horn or Hammerton. And this brings me to "the steeplechase." Betting on it has been, at present, very tame, so great a certainty is it deemed for Mr. Brayley or Holman's stable. In fact, Brick's performances at Shrewsbury were very meritorious, and the 6lb. is a lot of weight to give away for a head defeat. It is probable he has improved more than his opponent, Pearl Diver; still, Mr. Brayley has his measure so nicely, both through the old horse and now again through Chevy Chase, that I consider he holds the key of the market. Gardener is said not to be fit yet; but with the numerous lame 'uns and blood-vessel breakers, which turn out ruinous, especially from this stable, such reports must be accepted with much reserve. Globule is very well in, and in Brick's absence, Holman would have a capital substitute. Scarrington, I fancy, is not so good across country as he is on the flat, and Q.C.'s horn is not yet sounded. To cut a long story short, I will at once advise—

One of Mr. Brayley's PAIR to win, and
SNOWSTORM for a place.

The only item on Thursday which I can notice is the Croydon Cup, when Pearl Diver looks almost a certainty, and, in his absence, Brick. The Wednesday's chase must throw much light on this race, with so many of Wednesday's favourites engaged therein.

FORECAST.

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4½) miles	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1½ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan (2½ miles)...	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles)	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2½ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles).....	Thurs., June 16
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles).....	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1¾ miles).....	Tues., Aug. 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., Aug. 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs. Aug. 25.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yards)	Tues., Sept. 27.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yards)	Friday, Sept. 30
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs).....	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yards).	Tues., Oct. 25.

SOLUTION OF TURF ENIGMA—SUNSHINE. Correct solutions received from Chanticleer, G. C.—Incorrect rom Disappointed Dick.

THE SEASON OF 1869.

FOX-HUNTING has now so far advanced that we may take a retrospective instead of anticipatory view of it. Cub-hunting was late, scent generally bad, and but little done by most packs in that wintry season. Since the regular fixtures commenced times have not much altered. The leaf has hung in the coverts and fences more than usual, the ground has been dry and hard, good neither for hounds nor horses, and more than an ordinary share of accidents have resulted therefrom. Just as Sir G. Wombwell and Peter Collinson seemed to be getting things in trim with the York and Ainsty, poor Will Ponter was killed by a fall. No one saw it done; but his horse (a very clever one) is supposed to have blundered in a third ditch. Mr. Deacon, of the H. H., met with a bad fall from a hound getting between his horse's legs in the dark one morning going cub-hunting, and was for some time amongst the list of wounded, but is now happily all right again. Poor Sweetman, Mr. Garth's huntsman, a short time ago died at the meet, just after he had shaken hands with a friend, and told him he was very well. Wilson, head whip to the Holderness, as neat a huntsman as ever crossed pigskin, and Harry Mason, have also succumbed to the grim tyrant since the end of last season, and the covert will know them no more. With the Badsworth a whole hecatomb of accidents occurred in one day, and a lady unfortunately was somewhat seriously hurt with Mr. Garth's. A broken leg and other injuries are reported amongst the horses in the Midlands, caused, I hear, by the ground not being in good riding order; and Lord Leconfield last week had a sad calamity with his bitch pack, when seven or eight couple of them jumped a fence in chase, and alighted in a chalk pit, most being so much injured as to render recovery all but hopeless. Gladly I turn from such a sad theme to more congenial topics, and find, in regard to testimonials, hunting men seem this season to have amongst them a goodly share to whom honour is due. First, we find the earth stoppers giving a hunting whip to the Master of the Quorn; the Hampshire Farmers have come out like real good fellows as they are, and presented Mr. Deacon with plate to the amount of £450, gathering round the presentation at Brookwood House in a regular army well backed up by their wives and daughters, who appeared to take no less interest in the scene than themselves. Earl Fitzwilliam had his full-length portrait given him at Rotherham by those in the habit of hunting with the Wentworth hounds, and Mr. Oswald Milne will also get a handsome recognition of his kindness and sportsmanlike conduct while Master of the North Warwickshire. At Leamington, on the 2nd of December, Mr. Scratton, who knew hounds as well as any man both on the flags and in the field, met his friends at a dinner at Southend before taking his departure from Essex, where he has so long and so well held the reins of government. This *réunion* is noticeable also for the opinions he expressed about the modern foxhounds, in which he quite endorsed the views that have been put forward in the *Man About Town*, viz., that the hound is not degenerated, and can still hunt as low a scent as ever if the chance is given him. He lays the whole blame on the field nowadays giving hounds so little room, and looks hopefully to a somewhat strange agent to improve matters by steam cultivation. He says that the deep moving of the soil will stop horses but bear hounds, and thus they will become less interfered with. What a nice lookout ahead for the hard riding, thrusting division! Whether he is right or wrong *he* will be missed in Essex, and his *dictum* that the highest bred hounds are the best, long remembered there, at any rate.

Clarke, who carried the Badminton horn so successfully for some years past, and then laid fallow for a time, is again in commission with the North Staffordshire, under Captain Nugent, and will no doubt keep the foxes in the country in good exercise. A new pack is established in West Wiltshire, with Colonel Everett in command, and the Hursley have dropped from a mastership to a committee, Colonel Nicholl, a son of the well-known New Forest M.K.H., taking the principal share of the business, and Morris hunting the pack which came from the New Forest. The old Hursley pack, with their master, Mr. Standish, have gone into the latter country, thus effecting a change; and Capt. Morant, who previously hunted that country, is out of commission altogether. Good runs have not been plentiful as yet, though the West Somerset record a run of one hour and a half, in which the pack had it all to themselves, and ran right away from the horses. The South Devon have also had a hunting run of two hours and a half with a kill in the East Sussex country—"not fast, but a real old-fashioned run, hounds working all the way, and quite quick enough, with the country rough and blind as it was." The Sinnington, "that trencher-fed pack" have had a clinker over the wildest part of the moors, and the pack were heard running after night-fall near Stokesley. The Hursley here had one very quick thing from Chilbolton to the Crawley plantations; and a hound from the Tedworth led them the whole way. Well done, Carter, and the old Grafton blood! It appears that your mantle has worthily descended on Jack Fincker. My information does not extend much further at present; in fact, most packs are as yet scarcely got well into swing, the cubs do not as yet leave home willingly, and both wind and weather have been dead against the sport. Harriers appear to have done somewhat better, and their scribes and trumpeters fill no inconsiderable portion of the hunting columns of the sporting papers. The Duke of Beaufort has helped the Brighton with a draft, and if they only take as kindly to hare as the family do to fox, the guinea a-day hacks and their riders will have some work cut out to catch them. The Prince's late pack commenced public operations this week, but I have not yet heard the result.

IN THE ARENA.

AT the Universities athletics reign supreme. What with "trial eights" and College sports, hardly a day passes but some event happens, which, although not of general interest, is at any rate appreciated by the lookers-on and others personally interested in the competitors, and now and then to the general body of athletes. During the last winter there appeared in the columns of a contemporary several articles and letters on "Amateur Timing." The articles certainly took the common-sense view of the subject, viz., that the amateurs of the present day, although very good, and, in a few instances, able to cope with the professional runners, take to themselves credit for having made better "time" even than professionals.

Now that the present season is fairly on its way we notice that the times *reported* are as quick as ever. We will take, for instance, the 100 yards race at the Third Trinity sports, at Cambridge, held on the 20th instant. The first and second heats are reported as having been respectively won in 10⅔ sec. and 10½ sec., the other competitors in each case having finished within two or three yards of the winners, so that each, if separately timed, would have done the distance within 11 seconds. In the final heat the time is still better, viz., 10½ sec. We notice also that the competitors are for the greater part, and including the winner, "freshmen." Yet it is actually asserted, that they can almost offhand, or, at any rate, with a few weeks' preparation, beat the times that professionals spend years in striving to do and but seldom attain. We are going to attempt a solution of this, and not to accuse the watch-holders of incapacity or wilful misrepresentation, but to draw their attention to a fact. The watch-holder in a amateur race sets it going when he *sees* the men have started. Now, we maintain that by this method of timing, the men have gone at least three or four yards on their journey before the watch is fairly off, which, in the beginning of a race, is equal, at least, to half a second, so they are in reality only correctly timed for about 96 yards out of a hundred, and those, too, when they are well off and in their stride, so, no wonder these quick times are continually being performed by novices. We would suggest to amateurs that their mode of timing races should be assimilated to that adopted by professionals in their "sprint" trials, viz., the starter to stand *behind* the runners with a pistol charged with powder, and the "watch-holder" to keep his eye on the *starter* and to start the watch when he sees the *flash* of the pistol. The competitors who go on the report will thus start on fair terms with the watch, and have the real time given in which they can run the distance. We should like to see all our crack amateurs tried in this way, and the result would be, that, with few exceptions, none will run a hundred yards within *eleven seconds*.

The London Athletic Club, or rather its honorary secretary, is still carrying on the game of "sensations." The last programme, where all was sacrificed to novice scrambles, is put completely in the shade by the one advertised for the 4th proximo. To begin with, there are not the usual open handicaps, but there appears instead another "novice race," and then about the greatest piece of absurdity that ever found its way into the programme of a club which, at any rate, ought to uphold the dignity of athletics. This race (I hardly like to call such a thing a race) is to be a mile handicap for members only; the *last man* to pay the prize to the winner. We presume, as no amount for the value of the prize is mentioned, that the honorary secretary contemplates a walk over and a public presentation at the club dinner, on the 6th proximo, to himself by himself (as being both first and last in the race) of a baby's rattle.

The Thames Rowing Club Hare and Hounds had a good run last Saturday, from Roehampton, of about eight miles. The foremost hounds completed the distance in 62 minutes, which is decidedly good work across country. There will be a handicap steeple, on the 18th December, for a silver claret jug, over about eight miles of fair country, which is sure to attract a large entry, and we heartily wish it success, as there can be no doubt of the advantages conferred by those cross-country events on all who participate in them.

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Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS DAY (Saturday), Nov. 27, Weber's Opera, DER FREISCHUTZ. Rodolfo, Signor Mongini; Caspar, Mr. Santley: Kilian, Signor Casaboni; Marzio, Signor Zoboli; Ottaker, Signor Marino; Hermit, Herr Stenan; Annetta, Mdlle. Sinico; and Agata, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Bevignani.

Last Week but One.
On MONDAY NEXT, Nov. 29, LES HUGUENOTS.

On TUESDAY NEXT, Nov. 30, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO, Mr. Santley, Signor Cotogni, Mdlle. Vanzini, Mdlle. Sinico, and Mdlle. Titiens.

On THURSDAY NEXT, Dec. 2, DON GIOVANNI.

On SATURDAY, Dec. 4, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

Doors open at half-past-seven, the opera commences at eight o'clock.

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THIS EVENING, Nov. 27, a New Play, THE SIREN, freely translated from the "Dalila" of Octave Feuillet, by J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON. New Scenery by J. M. Roberts. Caspar Albano—Mr. Allerton. Princesse Leonora Falconieri—Miss Kate Saville (Specially Engaged).

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Now OPEN for the SEASON.—The New Comedy, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES. "A great success. Whether we regard the delicacy of satire, neatness of construction, healthiness of tone or polish in writing, there are few plays now before the London public which are so thoroughly satisfactory as 'New Men and Old Acres.' —Vide Times of the 27th ult. THIS EVENING at seven FAMILY JARS. Mr. Compton; Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. After which at a quarter to eight, the new comedy, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES. Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Howe, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Braid, Mr. Buckstone, jun.; Miss Madge Robertson, Mrs. Chippendale, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam, Miss C. Hill, &c. Concluding with A DAUGHTER TO MARRY. Mr. Kendall; Miss Fanny Gwynne Box-office open daily from ten till five.

ASTLEY'S.—MAZEPPA.—Mr. E. T. Smith thanks the public for their patronage to witness the performances of Miss Lilian as "Mazeppa," but regrets the inconvenience of those who were unable to obtain seats during the last few nights; but places can be kept if booked by letter or telegraph to Mr. Drysdale, Box office.

A NIGHT with the TWO GREAT POETS.—ASTLEY'S.—Rob Roy.—Sir Walter Scott's great Scottish drama "Rob Roy," and Lord Byron's "Mazeppa" performed by the present powerful company.—MAZEPPA at 7 p.m.; ROB ROY at 9.30. Reduced prices.

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NOTICE.—THE LONG STRIKE, Dion Boucicault's great Drama, with new scenery by F. Lloyds, will be produced MONDAY, Nov. 29, in which Mr. Benjamin Webster and Miss Furtado will make their first appearance this season.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

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